THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 4, 1805.

Account of Adelaide Langenois, alias Sans Gene, the Female Captain of Dragoons.

[From "The Female Revolutionary Plutarch," an interesting Work just published.]

IN the month of December, 1801, when on the way from Avignon to Lyons, the Paris diligence was joined by a young lady, at Montelimart; she was handed in by an officer of dragoons, who recommending her to the care of the coachman, and to the civilities of the company, wished her a pleasant journey.

The inside passengers now amounted to eight in the whole; among them were four young Lyonese, of a lively and gay disposition, fond of joking and laughing, but, upon the whole, inoffensive. The new travelling companion, the only female of the party, was dressed in a brown silk gown, neat enough, but her manners and conversation did not correspond with her female apparel; and, together with the colour of her complexion, seemed to indicate that she had passed more of her time in the tents of camps, than at the toilet, or in the dressing room. Her features, however, were not coarse, nor her voice rude, but rather soft. In fact, it was very difficult to know what to make of her. Those considerations, or, perhaps, curiosity, made the young Lyonese evince some inclination to amuse themselves at her expence; but she interrupted them, by telling them, she was not in an humour to joke, and that if they did not conduct themselves with that respect due to her sex and person, she would, at the end of the first stage, treat them as they merited.

When the diligence stopped, to allow the passengers time to breakfast, she ordered the driver to bring her the portmanteau Captain Langenois, her husband, had given to his care. Having received it, she went up stairs with the chamber-maid, and, in ten minutes, returned, fully accoutred in the regimentals of an officer of dragoons, with her sabre by her side, challenging, in rather severe expressions, the four young Lyonese to fight her, one after another. She, at the same time, threw some papers upon the table, saying, "Read these, you *blancbecs*, and you will see that, although a woman, I have made seven campaigns, received nine wounds, and that, at present, after giving my resignation, I enjoy a pension of eight hundred livres (34l.), bestowed on me by the first-consul, as a reward for my services."

Some of the other passengers interfering, and those who had unintentionally offended her, having made an apology, her good humour returned, and she continued, for the remainder of the journey, a very agreeable companion.

As soon as the diligence set off, she favoured her fellow-travellers with the following particulars of her military life:—Her present husband, though the son of a nobleman in Normandy, was, in 1792, obliged to enter as a volunteer; and, as such, he passed through Besancon, where she was born. Being seized with a fever in the house of her parents, where he had been billeted, she took particular care of him, and a mutual affection was soon formed between them. Her father opposing her inclination, she put on man's clothes, and joined the 9th regiment of hussars, in which her lover served. She made the campaigns of 1793 and 1794, in the maritime Alps: was there wounded, and promoted to a cornetcy, while her lover still continued in the ranks.

Being informed by letters, that a relation of his was a colonel of the 15th regiment of dragoons, young Langenois wrote to him, and was afterwards advanced to the rank of a sub-lieutenant. Either from inconstancy, or from other causes, he had hitherto neglected his promise of marrying her; and notwithstanding her entreaties, left her to join his new regiment, then on the frontiers of Spain. Thus deserted and wretched, in hopes of meeting with death, she rushed into the enemy's ranks, in the first engagement, where, after having her horse shot under her, and receiving two cuts of a sabre in her head, she fainted away from loss of blood, and, at her recovery, found herself a prisoner in an Austrian hospital. Her sex being discovered, she was treated by the enemy with great delicacy, and, as soon as convalescent, exchanged. She then resigned her commission, as an officer of hussars, to enlist as a volunteer in the regiment of dragoons, then in Spain, where Lieutenant Langenois served.

Having

Having heard that she had been killed, he was most agreeably surprised at her arrival; and in gratitude for her fidelity, and for her sacrifices, not only married her, but procured her, from his relation, the same rank with himself. When the peace with Spain was concluded, her regiment was ordered to join the army of Italy; where, at the battle of Lodi, she was wounded in three places, and promoted by Bonaparte to a first-lieutenancy, at the same time that her husband, who had greatly distinguished himself, was made a captain.

During the blockade and siege of Genoa, in the spring of 1800, her regiment belonged to the corps under the command of General Rochambeau, who attempted to throw in succours to Massena, the governor of Genoa. In one of the daily skirmishes, in the vicinity of that city, she again had her horse killed under her, was wounded and made a prisoner by General Haddick; who, in admiration of her courage, presented her a beautiful Hungarian horse of his own, and released her without being exchanged. This horse, the general of division, Duhem, had the insolence to put into requisition for himself, during her illness of a fever that then raged in the French army; and when, on her recovery, she claimed it, he refused to restore it. She sent him a challenge; but, instead of fighting, he ordered her under arrest for insubordination. Such was, however, the regard that the officers and men had for her, that in an encounter with the enemy next day, her horse, upon which Duhem rode, was killed by them, which terrified him so much, that he demanded and obtained a command of another division.

After the peace with Austria, at Luneville, she repaired, with her husband, to Paris; was introduced by General Murat to Bonaparte, who ordered a sabre, as a mark of honour, to be given her, which, at present, entitles her to number among the revolutionary knights of the pretended legion of honour. Her commission, certificates, and numerous other papers, proved the truth of her assertion, and that she diminished, rather than exaggerated, her military exploits. That she was much beloved by the troops was evident during the whole journey. Pickets of the 15th dragoons were quartered in every station where the diligence changed horses; they all spoke of her courage, generosity, and humanity, with the enthusiasm of sincerity and gratitude. They would have narrated many traits, illustrating what they said, but her modesty prevented them; they never ceased to exclaim, as long as she was in sight, "*O! la brave et bonne femme!*"

When at Lyons, she went to the play, dressed in her regimentals. General Duhem was then governor of that city. Owing her a grudge, he sent his aid-du-camp to her box, asking her, how she had dared appear at the theatre, without first informing the governor of her arrival? "Tell your general," said

she, " that I am no longer in the service ; and that I shall be much obliged to him, to settle with me, on the other side of Pont Morant, for the horse he stole from me last year. I have here," continued she, laying her hand on her sabre, " an instrument, presented me by the first-consul, which shall cut the affair short." As she spoke very loud, her conversation was heard and applauded by the pit. She was, however, advised to continue her journey for Besancon the same night; as Duhem, as well as Bonaparte, had, during 1793 and 1794, been one of the most sanguinary terrorists and accomplices of Robespierre, and he was known to be as revengeful as cruel.

[The writer of this sketch was one of the passengers in the diligence, and relates nothing but what he heard and read. Madame Langenois had taken the name of Sans Gene as *un nom de guerre* or borrowed name. This was generally the custom with all the women serving in France.]

EMMA BENVILLE.

A True Story.

(Concluded from Page 848.)

THE curiosity of the reader will, it is thought, be gratified, and his tender feelings excited, by a narrative of the circumstances that took place previous to the death of Mr. Abbott.

When Mr. Abbott returned from the country, where he had been in a party with Lady Jane Belmont, he immediately went to visit Emma. He was far from happy, though he was grasping at riches, beauty, and splendour.

When he knocked at the door, it was opened by Robert, a servant he had placed with Emma. Robert was a worthy man, and very partial to her, though he had lived with her so short a time. " Where is your mistress?" interrogated Mr. Abbott, observing something particular in Robert's countenance.—" Is she not with you, Sir,?" " With me? what do you mean?"—" Why, Sir, she has not been at home these three days." " Not at home, with whom did she go out?" Sir, she went out in a hackney-coach, and has never returned ; we were much puzzled, but, after thinking about it a great while, concluded she was with you." " What, then you do not know any thing of her? nor where she is? nor what is become of her?"—No, indeed, Sir." Mr. Abbott having asked a hundred questions, without giving time to have a quarter of them answered, fell into a paroxysm of rage and sorrow, that almost deprived him of sense.

When

When his agitation had a little subsided—he went up stairs, and the idea of a letter immediately struck him—he searched, and soon found the following :—

" If my trembling hand will enable me to write—if my wretched heart do not break in the attempt, before it can even give vent to its grief—I will unfold—Oh ! once so much loved ! now, now—cruel, wicked, Mr. Abbott, my misery—my wretchedness. Oh ! why for a transient passion was I, unhappy I, so cruelly sacrificed ?—did you not, did you not, deceive me ?—lead me by your faleshood to this extreme wretchedness ? Heaven, that knows my sufferings, knows you did. Oh ! I was—but what am I now ?—but never will I, knowing what I do know, see you again, never—never. A great heiress, it seems, has seduced you away from me : seduced you, do I say ?—perhaps you never loved me, as you said you did—as you so often, so very often, swore you did : yet I think that you once did– before I was——Oh ! wretched, wretched, Emma !—but I go—I will leave you—yes, I will—I ought—I will return to my poor mother. Alas ! alas ! what will become of me, the sincerest of penitents, that I have long been—What will become of—of—— you know what I mean—but, oh ! we shall both die—it will be best :—Oh ! that it were not a crime to—but it is ; yet we shall never meet again—may you repent—and then may you be forgiven ! Oh ! once-loved—once-adored, Mr. Abbott ! this, this is the last time—you will ever hear—these the last words you will ever receive, from—the poor injured

" EMMA."

Mr. Abbott's agitation upon reading the above surpassed all description ; he was unable to move for above an hour ; he then, half wild, went home, where he found his father and Lord Belmont. He exclaimed, " Lord Belmont, I am a villain, I have deceived Lady Jane—never can I ratify my engagements with her." " Never do I mean you should,"—returned Lord Belmont : " I have this moment informed Sir James of my resolution." Mr. Abbott with precipitation left the room, and flew to his own apartment, ordering his servant to have his chaise at the door as soon as possible. Sir James went to him, beseeching him in the mildest terms, for he perceived that his mind was greatly disturbed, to acquaint him with some of the particulars of these extraordinary and melancholy events. Lord Belmont had in some respects opened Sir James Abbott's eyes to the truth, but the prospect was so bad, that he shrunk from it.

" I am going," said Mr. Abbott, " into the country ; I am going after the most injured, the most beloved of women. I am going into Devonshire." " I will likewise go," said Sir James.

James. " But not with me, Sir, nothing shall induce me to delay an instant." " Can I say any thing, James, that will calm your troubled mind, and in any degree compose your spirits?" " Yes," replied Mr. Abbott, " promise to receive Emma as your daughter."—" Emma as my daughter;" returned Sir James, " what do you mean?"—" That I am a villain," replied Mr. Abbott; " but if Emma is lost to me all will soon be over." " I am afraid I understand you too well," said Sir James. " Oh! my son!"—" Sir," replied Mr. Abbott, bursting into tears, " forbear reproof and reproaches—I know that I deserve them, but oh! for pity's—for mercy's sake—I am distracted—I must leave you—I must go this moment, or I may be too late, and then all will be lost."

Sir James stood almost petrified; Mr. Abbott rushed out of the room, and paced up and down another for a few minutes—when the chaise arrived, he immediately got into it, and went post to Devonshire, travelling night and day, though his carriage breaking down with him he was detained for some hours, 'till he could get another. The moment he arrived, he flew to the house where the mother of Emma lived, and the wretched scene already described, ensued. Sir James and Lady Abbott followed him as fast as it was possible, and had not arrived many minutes, when he rushed into the room to them, and fell down with the child in his arms.—He remained some time apparently senseless; they put him to bed, when the delirium came on as mentioned before. He called for Emma in the most piteous manner, and from his self-accusations, though in wild and incoherent terms, Sir James and Lady Abbott learnt for the first time the whole of the fatal truth. Too late for remedy, they had now to deplore, that in his education they had only attended to what was requisite to make him *shine* in the world, and that religion, the only durable ground work of good principles, had been neglected.

The child did not appear to have been hurt by his violence. He continued in the most dreadful state, sometimes raving, sometimes stupified, for several months, when, most unexpectedly, he recovered his senses. Sir James and Lady Abbott were raised from despair to joy, hoping that their beloved son would now be restored to them; but very short was the appearance of this ray of comfort:—soon after rationality appeared. Mr. Abbott insisted upon knowing what had passed; as gently as possible, they related some of the particulars; he had recollection enough not easily to be deceived. " I know," said he, " that Emma is gone for ever—she is lost to me in this world—but, oh! may my sufferings and my repentance obtain for me a re-union with her in another—pass but a few short hours, and the trial will be made." He did not appear to recollect his child, and despair seemed to have taken such possession of his

mind, that it was thought proper to try to rouse him from it by naming the child:—Lady Abbott did so—he was in the greatest agitation, "Oh! where, where, is she," exclaimed he, "keep her not a moment from me." The child was brought, he extended his arms to receive it, fixed his eyes upon it, but spoke not a word; an alarming wildness appeared in his countenance; after surveying it steadily for some time, he burst into tears—he took it into his bed, it remained quiet, he strained it to his heart, sobbing with agony.

"I am going, my injured baby," he faintly said, "to your much injured mother, but I die for the horrid deed—may my sufferings, my death, make some atonement for my vile transgressions."—"Madam," he continued, turning to his weeping mother, "to you I commit this treasure—take her—love her as you have loved your unworthy son—I hope she will prove more worthy of your affection; but whatever you do, instil the love of virtue and justice, founded upon true principles, in her heart, and let the pride of family yield to those superior considerations. The disappointment I have occasioned to you and my father, in your fondest hopes, would set heavy upon my mind, had I not a still heavier burthen weighing down my soul—a burthen of complicated sin, which may follow me to another world, and render me even more miserable than I am here—yet, may not my sincere repentance hold out to me a *hope* of forgiveness? as you have loved your wretched son, love and preserve his unfortunate child—the child of his Emma—promise me, solemnly promise me, at this awful moment!" he looked earnestly upon his father and mother, who stood mute and motionless with grief:—"Speak!" said Mr. Abbott, "speak that comfort to my soul.—Oh! my darling!" continued he, sobbing over his child that lay in his arms, "repay my dear father and mother their kindness to thee—be a substitute for their unhappy son—be a better comfort to them——" here he faultered, a deadly paleness came over his countenance, he faintly continued, "may Heaven hear my prayers, and pardon my ——" The unfinished sentence quivered on his lips—he fell back—and with a convulsion ended his wretched life.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE *costume* of a *petite maitresse* varies not only according to chronology, geography, and history, but allegory is also frequently called in to assist at her toilet. Thus, when a woman of fashion is tired of the Grecian, Etruscan, and Roman style, of the Medicis, the Sevigne, &c. she assumes a dress completely French, but which the genius of the artist modifies according to the sentiments, the taste, or the wants, of her who governs

governs the empire of fashion. When she would be melancholy, he weaves through her hair a branch of cypress. He leaves two or three tresses floating in leaves of acacia. Her hat is adorned with poppies, and the bottom of her robe is embroidered with bunches of weeping willow. White hats of satin ribbon, with a coloured chain along each seam, constitute the newest ornament of the head in half-dress. Wreaths of roses, without a mixture of leaves, are revived on head-dresses of simple hair. Nothing is more fashionable than gloves, slippers, stockings, robe, in short, a complete white dress, and over it an orange shawl, forming a strong contrast with the rest of the dress, even though it should not be cachemire, nor cloth *a l'antique*. The hat, coat, vest, pantaloons, and boots, of an *incroyable*, are all bordered; but, hitherto, the border is not very rich. Perhaps we shall see the gold lace restored.

Description of the Inhabitants of New South Wales.

[From Turnbull's Voyage round the World.]

THESE aboriginal inhabitants of this distant region are indeed beyond comparison the most barbarous on the surface of the globe. The residence of Europeans has here been wholly ineffectual; the natives are still in the same state as at our first settlement. Every day are men and women to be seen in the streets of Sydney and Paramatta, naked as in the moment of their birth. In vain have the more humane of the officers of the colony endeavoured to improve their condition; they still persist in the enjoyment of their ease and liberty in their own way, and turn a deaf ear to any advice upon this subject.

Is this to be imputed to a greater portion of natural stupidity than usually falls to the lot even of savages? By no means: if an accurate observation, and a quick perception of the ridiculous, be admitted as a proof of natural talents, the natives of New South Wales are by no means deficient. Their mimicking of the oddities, dress, walk, gait, and looks, of all the Europeans whom they have seen, from the time of Governor Phillips downwards, is so exact, as to be a kind of historic register of their several actions and characters. Governor Phillips and Colonel Grose they imitate to the life. And to this day, if there be any thing peculiar in any of our countrymen, officers in the corps, or even of the convicts, any cast of the eye or hobble in the gait, any trip or strut, stammering or thick speaking, they catch it in the moment, and represent it in a manner which renders it impossible not to recognize the original. They are moreover great proficients in the language,

and Newgate slang, of the convicts, and in case of any quarrel are by no means unequal to them in the exchange of abuse.

But this is the sum total of their acquisitions from European intercourse. In every other respect they appear incapable of any improvement or even change. They are still as unprotected as ever against the inclemencies of weather, and the vicissitudes of plenty and absolute famine, the natural evils of a savage life. In their persons they are meagre to a proverb, their skins are scarified in every part with shells, and their faces besmeared with shell-lime and red-gum: their hair is matted with a moss, and what they call, ornamented, with sharks teeth; and a piece of wood, like a skewer, is fixed in the cartilages of the nose. In a word, they compose altogether the most loathsome and disgusting tribe on the surface of the globe.

Their principal subsistence is drawn from the sea and rivers, the grand storehouse of nature in all the lands and islands of the Pacific; and were it not for this plenteous magazine, the natives of these lands must have long ceased to exist. From this cause it is reasonable to infer that the sea-coast is much better inhabited than the interior. When a dead whale is cast on shore, they live sumptuously, flocking to it in great numbers, and seldom leaving it 'till the bones are well picked. Their substitute for bread is a species of root, something resembling the fern; it is roasted and pounded between two stones, and being thus mixed with fish, &c. constitutes the chief part of their food. They have oysters of an extraordinary size, three of them being sufficient for an ordinary man. The rocks are covered with others of a smaller size, and which may be had for the trouble of carriage, and the labour of knocking them off.

There are some of the natives, indeed, who have reaped some benefit from our settlement amongst them, having been induced, by the manifest superiority of these European articles, to adopt our fishing hooks, and other tackle for this purpose. Most of the natives in the neighbourhood of Sydney are provided with these implements of their means of subsistence, which they either receive gratis, or purchase by the barter of fish and oysters. These are but rare instances of their settling to any of our employments. Indeed now and then, when the humour takes them, they will occasionally assist in hauling the fishing sein or pulling the boats up and down the harbour; but as to agriculture, or any trade, they appear as incapable of skill and application as the beasts of the field.

They are by no means deficient of personal courage; in their pitched battles of one part of the country against the other, or one individual against another, they display the most determined bravery on the occasion. They defend themselves against the spears of their assailants by opposing only a shield of thick

bark; previous to their onset they join in a kind of song, and gradually increase their noise 'till they work themselves up into a frantic fury, their countenances being in the mean time convulsed, and every feature of their face expressive of the fury of their mind. Never was more determined bravery displayed than by these people. Their spears are thrown with such force as to pierce their shields through and through; but though they must sufier the greatest pain in the execution of these weapons, such is their patience, or rather their absolute want of feeling, that they bear it unmoved, and never, or very rarely, fly from the field of battle.

Of one instance of flight I was, indeed, myself a spectator; this was in a man condemned for some crime or other to exemplary punishment. A certain number of his comrades, about fourteen, were selected to inflict it, and arranged themselves around him in the form of a crescent, the poor fellow being allowed to defend himself from their spears with his bark shield in the best manner he was able. They began, as savages usually do, with throwing their spears in every direction with the greatest impetuosity: the poor fellow parried them off most wonderfully, and had they been ranged in a right line before him, would have escaped most of them, but being ranged around him, he received many a grievous wound, and at last took to his heels, flying into the town of Sydney, where he fell down and expired. There is another custom among them, when a person is killed, either by a pitched battle, or by an unlucky blow in a hasty quarrel, that the servivor is obliged to stand on his defence from a certain number of spears to be thrown by one of the relatives of the deceased. If he survives, the matter ends, but if he should be killed, his antagonist goes through the same ordeal.

The quickness of their eye and ear is equally singular: they can hear and distinguish objects, which would escape an European. This circumstance renders them very acceptable guides to our sportsmen in the woods, as they never fail to point out the game, before any European can discover it. They are in general most accomplished marksmen; I have seen them bring down a bird not larger than a pigeon at the distance of thirty yards.

They sleep beneath the canopy of heaven for their covering, or under some hut as little sheltered from the rudeness of the wintry blast. In wet weather they retreat to the caverns in the rocks, and remain there, having lighted fires at the mouth, 'till the tempest is dispelled. They are said to be terribly afraid of visions and apparitions. Their canoes, composed of the bark of trees tied together in small splinters, are the most miserable that it is possible to conceive; they are usually half-full of water, and nothing but the natural buoyancy of the materials could

could prevent them a minute from sinking. In this crazy craft a whole family may frequently be seen fishing; a fire of embers is usually in the midst of the vessel, and the fish they catch is thus dressed, or rather half-warmed, in the same instant in which it is caught.

Since the European settlements of the colony, they have, indeed, become bolder in their efforts for subsistence, and the outsettlers not unfrequently suffer much from their depredations. Theft is easier, that is to say, requires less labour and less patience than fishing; and, if we may judge from their practice, potatoes and Indian corn are more to their taste than their ordinary pittance. There is fortunately one political advantage to the government arising from this scantiness of food amongst the natives, the convicts have thus no temptation to desertion. Some of them have had the folly to try the experiment, but becoming sensible of their error by its fatal effects, have almost immediately returned, and surrendered themselves to their former slavery. If through terror of the punishment of their desertion some few have delayed to return, they have invariably either perished with hunger, or been murdered by the natives.

Upon the first settlement of the colony, all intercourse was much impeded by their jealousy of their new visitors. It was not without many friendly advances, and some artifice, that the governor could in any degree appease them, or induce them to venture among the settlers. One of their chiefs, Bennelong, a warrior of great repute, it is said, was caught by a very singular expedient: having taken a liking to a sailor's jacket, it was offered to him without hesitation, and a sailor ordered to assist him in putting it on; the fellow obeyed, and by putting the back of the jacket in front, contrived to hamper the arms, and thus effectually secure the sturdy savage.

It is one thing however to catch, and another to civilize, a native of New South Wales. In vain did the governor lavish on him every attention, and every friendly office, clothing and feasting him daily; all his care was thrown away, for he made several attempts to regain his liberty but without effect. This man accompanied the governor to England, and was there exhibited as a specimen of the natives of New Holland, and treated with that favour and distinction which the good humour, perhaps the folly, of the fashionable world, lavish indiscriminately upon every novelty.

I heard another ridiculous anecdote, but the truth of which I will not too absolutely assert, though the ignorance of the natives renders it not incredible. Some fish belonging to the sailors of a ship in the harbour being boiling in a camp-kettle over the fire on shore, some of the natives observed them with a look of desire, and watching their opportunity, slily put in their hands to take one out, and being thus as it were caught in a

trap, betook themselves to flight, with looks of equal terror and astonishment, and roaring like so many wounded bulls. I can the more readily believe this, as I know from my own experience that except in their mimickry they can scarcely connect two ideas together.

(To be concluded in our next.)

INSPECTOR, No. X.

But chief were those who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought.

THE history of Gustavus, in "Vertot's Revolutions of Sweden," contains so many extraordinary instances of the fluctuation of human affairs, as may furnish the mind with many useful reflections I have taken the liberty to abridge the account, and present it to my readers in the following sketch.

By the treaty of Calmar, which had been brought about by the policy of Margaret, queen of Denmark, the three kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, were united under one sovereign. Several of her successors made an ill-use of their power, and so exasperated the Swedes, who could not brook the least encroachment on their liberties, that they unanimously chose a king of their own nation. The treaty of Calmar was always a pretext for the princes of the two other kingdoms to seize every opportunity of recovering their ancient right. The Swedes, after a while, became jealous of their own kings, limited their authority, and changed their title to that of administrator. During the administration of Steno, Christian the Second, king of Denmark and Norway, entered Sweden with an army, defeated the administrator, who was killed in battle, laid waste the country, and committed excessive cruelties on the inhabitants. Gustavus Ericson was a young Swedish lord, who had distinguished himself by his bravery in the administrator's army. Christian having detained Gustavus and several others as hostages on board his ship, under pretence of himself coming on shore to treat of peace, very treacherously broke his engagement, and carried them away into Denmark. He at first gave orders for them to be put to death, but afterwards mitigated the sentence to imprisonment. A relation of Gustavus procured the keeping of his person, under a strict charge of not letting him escape. He was allowed the liberty of taking short excursions into the country, and the family with whom he was a prisoner used their endeavours, but without success, to render his situation pleasant. He was earnestly desirous to assist his country, and be revenged on the perfidious author of his captivity. At length he found means to escape disguised in the

the habit of a peasant, and with some difficulty arrived in Sweden. A strict search was ordered to be made, and great rewards offered for him by Christian. He found his country in such a miserable state, from which all his endeavours were unable to retrieve it, that after passing through various disguises to avoid being discovered, he entered as a common workman in the copper mines. But he did not remain long concealed, even in this obscure condition; for the woman at whose house he lodged, accidentally perceiving a silk robe under his miner's habit, soon spread the news over the whole village, 'till at length it reached the lord of the place. This nobleman soon recognised his old schoolfellow, Gustavus, and offered him the protection of his house, which he gladly accepted. In this concealment he remained some time, continually exerting himself to discover the most effectual means of delivering his country from the tyranny of the Danes. He proposed to his landlord to endeavour to make the province revolt, but this gentleman had not sufficient courage to make the attempt. Gustavus therefore left him, and taking a journey of several days through the woods, alone, came to the house of a gentleman, whom he had formerly known in the army, and who received him with seeming marks of civility. But under an appearance of affording him protection and assistance, he was meanly contriving to gratify his ambition and avarice by the destruction of his guest. He informed one of the king's officers of the retreat of Gustavus; the officer immediately invested the house, and took possession of the gate, which was delivered up to him by the owner; but upon making a search they found that he had escaped. His deliverance was owing to the wife of his treacherous landlord, who moved by pity, had sent him away the night before, attended by a servant that conducted him to the house of a curate, who concealed him in the church. When he had been a short time in this situation, by the curate's advice, he went to Mora, where was a large concourse of peasants during the Christmas holidays: he appeared in a dress suitable to his quality, and addressed them with a very pathetic and animated speech, laying before them the miserable state of their country, and endeavouring to rouse them up to revenge. They answered him with shouts, and every mark of approbation, and immediately put themselves under his command. Gustavus led them directly against the governor of the province, whom he surprised, and took in his castle; and being joined by many Swedish gentlemen he caused several other provinces to revolt.

Christian was soon informed of this insurrection, and threatened to put Gustavus's mother and sisters, who were in his custody, to death, if he continued in arms; but Gustavus, despising his threats, pursued his march, and put all the Danes he met with to the sword. He was now at the head of an army of

fifteen

fifteen thousand men, and was proceeding towards Westmania, while the king's viceroy advanced to the river Brumelia to oppose his passage. As soon as he arrived at the banks of the river, and saw Gustavus on the other side, at the head of his horse, he was so dismayed, that he retired first to the castle of Werteras, and afterwards to Stockholm, where he shut himself up in the castle, and indulged in his usual luxuries. Gustavus proceeded on his march, made himself master of Werteras, by stratagem, and took up his quarters in Upsal, where he was surprised by the archbishop, and obliged to quit the place; but receiving assistance from the republic of Lubeck, Gustavus fell upon the archbishop's army, and cut the greatest part of his men to pieces. King Christian, exasperated at his success, caused Gustavus's mother and sisters to be wrapped up in a sack, and cast into the sea, and gave orders to his officers to destroy all the Swedes that were among his troops. Gustavus, in return, ordered every Dane that could be taken to be put to death. The only remaining obstacle to the entire extirpation of the Danes out of Sweden, was the conquest of Stockholm, and Gustavus having no fleet to block up the port, was obliged to obtain one from Lubeck, with the assistance of which he at last took possession of the city.

Having thus freed his country from the tyranny of the Danes, and restored it to its ancient independence, Gustavus was unanimously chosen king of Sweden. He met with some opposition from the friends of the Danish government, but at length rose superior to them all, advanced the interest of his country, promoted its trade, introduced the Protestant religion, and ruled the kingdom with great wisdom and equity. His treacherous and cruel enemy, Christian, king of Denmark, was dethroned by his nephew, the duke of Holstein, and, after being confined fourteen years, ended his days miserably in prison. After having raised Sweden to a very flourishing condition, and at the latter end of his life enjoying a peaceable reign, Gustavus settled the succession of the crown upon his son Eric, and died in the seventieth year of his age, universally lamented by his subject.

CHARACTER *of the late* JOAH BATES, Esq.

THE praise due to departed merit, and those encomiums which are the tribute of surviving friendship, form a theme that is interesting to all. To lament the dead is among the allotments of those who live; and where is the man who does not hope, that he also shall leave some portion of regret behind him, when he is called to that home which nature has provided for all her children? No common sorrow mourns over his bier

who now receives the last sad offering of truth and affection; for, so kindly had nature framed him, and so harmoniously were the elements mixed up in his heart, that all who knew him revered his worth. At the same time, his peculiar attainments were so blended with his amiable deportment, as to produce a most willing and respectful submission to them.

Mr. Bates received his education at Eton, where his musical talents (for at that early period they had displayed themselves) particularly recommended him to the attention of Mr. George Graham, one of the assistants in that college; a man, whose elegant scholarship, and polite acquisitions, had introduced him to the friendship of the principal literary characters of his day. He became the voluntary tutor of Mr. Bates, who, when the business of the pupil-room was over, was encouraged to indulge his musical propensities at Mr. Graham's harpsichord. This disposition, however, did not interrupt his school studies, and he proceeded in them, esteemed by his masters, and beloved by his associates, 'till he left them all for the university of Cambridge. Here he was affectionately patronised by Dr. Smith, then master of Trinity College, and the friend of Sir Isaac Newton. He was among the first mathematicians of his age, and had directed his knowledge to the profound parts of musical composition, and the perfection of musical instruments. His volume on harmonics is well known to be the most learned treatise on that subject which has appeared in any language. With such an instructor and such a friend—for we believe, that, in the latter part of Dr. Smith's life, he lived entirely with him—Mr. Bates possessed and improved the invaluable opportunity to perfect his knowledge of harmony, and to attain that reputation for musical erudition, which distinguished his life. We are disposed to believe that, among other circumstances very honourable to both, his kind friend recommended him to the notice and patronage of a nobleman, whose knowledge and love of music was well known, and who, at that time, possessed the power, and, as it proved, the inclination to procure for Mr. Bates such an independent situation, as to enable him to cultivate and enjoy the science which he loved and adorned. It is our hope also, that we have not been misinformed, when we represent him as having been honoured by his majesty's gracious favour and protection.

We do not suspect, that any modern professor will take offence at the opinion, that Mr. Bates surpassed the most learned musicians of his time, in the theory of music, and that his practical excellence on the instrument which he preferred, was peculiar to himself. It was the organ. The quirks and quibbles which are the boast of modern performers; the rapidity of finger, and the power of transition, which have caused music to be defined, the art of executing difficult things; that

legerdemain

legerdemain of playing, which, indeed, gives *des notes, mais rienque des notes;* that kind of performance, we will not call it music, which Dr. Johnson wished to be impossible, were considered by Mr. Bates as very inferior acquisitions. His object of attainment, was that of combination and succession of tones; that production of harmony, and grace of melody, which, when enforced by a certain touch, gives to inarticulate sounds, an universal language, and produces the predetermined effect on the mind: his organ performance was therefore grand and impressive; with a power of finger to execute in perfection whatever was worthy of execution, he made that noble instrument breathe the genuine awful harmony for which it is constructed. Whether he sought to express the solemn dirge, the animating march, the sacred hymn, or the full chorus, he could so transfuse his knowledge and feeling into it, as to astonish and delight, to sooth and to elevate. It must be remembered, by all who were present at the several commemorations of Handel, in Westminster-abbey, how much those wonderful performances were indebted to this great musician; he not only arranged and assorted that stupenduous band, but controlled its performance, by his superior judgment and commanding execution; by the truth and power with which he enforced the predominant tones of the organ, he alone, without any assistance from a *maestro di capello*, to give the time, may be said to have compressed a thousand vocal and instrumental performers into one voice, and one instrument. To him also, we believe, may be ascribed, the undeviating correctness and energy of the choral performances at the concert of ancient music. It is almost superfluous to add, that the object of his musical veneration was Handel. As a domestic individual, he was amiable in his manners, pleasing in his conversation, and of considerable scholastic attainments. His equanimity was rare, and it has been related of him, that, on the evening of the day when the Albion mills, of which he was a considerable proprietor, were destroyed by fire, he assisted at a concert with his usual spirit and attention. This excellent and respectable man is gone to his final reward, and has left all who knew his worth, to shed a tear over his grave, and cherish in their hearts the remembrance of his virtues.

AN ANECDOTE.

HENRY IV. was complimented by the deputies of the parliament of Paris, on a victory won by him. Marshal de Biron, who had a considerable share in it, being at the audience —"Gentlemen," says the king, shewing them the marshal, "behold a man whom I present equally to my friends and to my enemies."

Method of washing White Silk Patent Lace.

FOLD up the piece to the length of about 15 inches, and stitch it up lightly together with a needle and thread; anoint the surface of the piece with a little sweet oil upon the end of a feather, and boil it for one hour in strong soap and water. When it is taken out and dried, it will have a snowy whiteness, superior to its original colour.

AN ANECDOTE.

IN the year 1766, F. H. Barthelemon composed his first Italian serious opera, intitled Pelopida, which was performed at the King's Theatre, Haymarket, and was received with uncommon applause. Mr. Garrick hearing of it, one morning paid a visit to Barthelemon, and asked him, if he could set English words to music; he answered, he thought he could. Garrick asked for paper and ink, and wrote the words of a song, to be introduced in the Country Girl, and to be sung by Dodd, who acted the fop in that play. While Garrick was writing the words of the song, Barthelemon, looking over his shoulder, immediately set the song. Garrick, giving him the words, said, "There, my friend, there is my song." Barthelemon replied, "There, Sir, this is the music for it."

Garrick surprized, and quite pleased with this quick composition, invited him to dine with him that day; with the late Dr. Samuel Johnson. The song was given to Dodd, who was encored for it every night the Country Girl was performed. Garrick promised to make Barthelemon's fortune, and as a beginning of encouragement, gave him the Peep behind the Curtain to set to music. The little burletta of Orpheus and Eurydice, in the second act, met with such applause, that the Peep behind the Curtain was performed 108 nights in one year. Garrick got several thousand pounds by this production, and gave to Barthelemon forty guineas, instead of fifty he had promised him! saying, that the *dancing cows* had cost him so much money, he could not give him more. So much for Garrick's generosity to the young composer.

Answer, by Robert Maffett, of Plymouth, to W. Prisk's Question, inserted June 3.

THUS $10 \times 10 \times 10 = 1000 \div 57.3 = 17.452$ pounds of powder nearly, to fill a shell of 10 inches internal diameter.

Answer, by X. Y. Z. to Adrianus's Rebus, inserted September 2.

MENAGERIE it is I see
Belongs to Pidcock, not to thee.

*** A similar answer has been received from S. C. Moore, of Horswell House.

Answer, by Adrianus, to G. Hann's Charade, inserted September 2.

ON fragrant THYME I often see,
Sucking the sweets, th' industrious bee.

☞ We have received the like answers from Thomas Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; S. C. Moore, of Horswell House; J. Woodman, junior, of North Curry; and P. Codd, of Dean Prior.

Answer, by T. Wyatt, of Tiverton, to J. Lewis's Rebus, inserted September 9.

ONYX is the costly gem I ween
Which by your rebus may be seen.

§§ We have received the like answer from Adrianus; T. Adey, of Poole; J. J——n, of Lyme Regis; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; T. Wotton, of Newton Bushel; and S. C. Moore, of Horswell House.

An ANAGRAM, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

INVEST part of the human frame;
A bird likewise transpose:
Connect the parts, and you will name
Whereon we oft repose.

A REBUS, *by W. Gregory, of Tamerton Folliott.*

AN English fruit, Sirs, pray first find;
Likewise a city tell;
And then a hero call to mind,
Whose deeds are known full well:
These parts connected right and true,
A fair one's name they'll form: Adieu!

A REBUS, *by R. Perring, of Kingsbridge.*

DISCERNING bards, a place explain
That every soul 'tis wish'd may gain;
Avaunt my second to the infernal den,
Nor ever haunt the calm retreats of men;
Come boldly on, my third, with thy sweet smile,
Long may'st thou reign in this heav'n-favour'd isle;
An useful plant then for my fourth explore,
Frequently brought from sultry India's shore;
The Grecian games by Hercules devis'd,
Where ancient heroes struggled for the prize;
A Thracian monarch slain by night at Troy,
When Grecian armies did that place annoy:
Join the initials right and true,
A valiant hero will appear in view.

POETRY.

TO MY INFANT ASLEEP.

Written, in 1804, by Mrs. CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

SLEEP on, sweet babe! for thou canst sleep!
No sorrows rend thy peaceful breast:
Thy pensive mother wakes to weep,
Depriv'd by grief of balmy rest!

May angels watch around thy bed,
Thee safe from ev'ry ill defend!
May Heave'n unnumber'd blessings shed,
And be thy never-failing friend!

Sleep on, sleep on, my baby dear!
Thy little heart, from sorrow free,
Knows not the anxious pangs that tear
Thy mother's breast, sweet babe! for thee.

Soft be thy slumbers, sorrow's child!
Serene and tranquil be thy rest;
Oft have thy smiles my pains beguil'd,
And sooth'd my agitated breast!

Thine infant tongue has never known
A father's name, nor can thine eyes
Recal to mind the graceful form
That low in death's embraces lies!

But I in thee delight to trace
That form so tenderly belov'd!
To picture in thy smiling face
His image, far from earth remov'd!

His pious cares thou can'st not share,
Nor can he guide thy tender youth,
Or guard thee from each hurtful snare,
Or lead thee in the paths of truth!

The sad yet pleasing task be mine,
To virtue's ways thy mind to form,
To point thee to those truths divine,
Which in the gospel are made known!

With reason's dawn thou shalt be taught
Thy father's God betimes to know;
The wonders he for us hath wrought
Shall be thy mother's task to shew.

Each rising and each setting sun
Thy little hands in pray'r shall raise,
And early shall thine infant tongue
Be taught to lisp thy Maker's praise!

TO ROSARIO.

AH! why, my Rosario, in sorrow still languish,
Why think thy Matilda is false and unkind?

Still

Still pining in secret, a prey to sad anguish,
I sigh for my cottage, and thee left behind:
Tho' doom'd yet to dwell 'midst the haunts of gay splendour,
Their pleasures, alas! are no pleasures to me;
For all these bright scenes would I gladly surrender
To stray thro' the vallies, with love and with thee.

Tho' plac'd in the halls where gay mirth is abounding,
Where the glances of rapture beam quick in each eye;
Tho' thro' the wide arches loud music is sounding,
For the joys that are past my fond breast heaves a sigh:
The shepherd's soft pipe, as he's homeward advancing,
Kind memory brings once again to my ear;
The lasses so blythe, on the village green dancing,
Once more I behold, and I drop a sad tear.

Still, still I remember, with pleasing emotion,
When joyfully leaving the couch of repose,
I wander'd with thee on the shores of the ocean,
'Till the sun, deck'd in gold, from its bosom arose;
The lark's gentle warbling to heaven ascending,
The dew on the flow'rets, the bloom of the grove,
The beauties of nature harmoniously blending,
Awaken'd to gratitude, wonder, and love.

How short was the term that our happiness lasted!
Ye moments of pleasure too soon were ye o'er!
The blossoms of hope were by avarice blasted,
It sent me afar from my own native shore.
I was doom'd by a parent unkind, unrelenting,
In secret to bid to my cottage farewell;
He knew that I lov'd you, and yet unrepenting,
For gold, sordid gold, he Matilda could sell.

But now left in age and in sorrow to wither,
A prey to disease, and slow wasting pain,
In anguish he mourns that he banish'd me hither,
And sighs to behold his Matilda again.
On the wings of fond love I will haste to his dwelling,
And peace to his bosom will seek to restore,
Then the clouds of thy grief, my Rosario, dispelling,
Thy constant Matilda will leave thee no more.

SOPHIA.

TO ECHO.

SWEET echo! vocal nymph, whose mimic pow'r
Outvies the music of my Ariel's song;
O! still repeat the soft enchanting lay,
That gently steals the ravish'd soul away!
Shall sounds like these in circling air be tost,
Or in the stream of vulgar noises lost?
Ye guardian sylphs, who listen while she sings,
Bear the sweet accents on your rosy wings.
With studious care the fading notes retain,
Nor let that tuneful breath be spent in vain!
Yet if too soon the transient pleasures fly,
A charm more lasting shall their loss supply;
While harmony and each attractive grace,
Play in the fair proportion of her face.
Where each soft air, engaging and serene,
Beats measure to the well tun'd mind within.
Alike her singing, and her silence move,
Whose voice is music, and whose looks are love.